

The Secret Lives of the Digimon 2-1

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Summary: its finally here (or at least the first part) please review.

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The Secret Lives Of The Digimon II

As you know if you read the first fic, the Digimon have lives that they participate in while the Digidestined are away on other business. During fics where the Digimon do not participate they are left at home. Do we really expect them to sit around all day?

If you haven't read the fic "What happened while we were gone?" 1-3 I recommend that you do so that you can understand that the Digimon look different, and know where the three new ones came from.

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Agumon sat at Tai's house. He idly tapped his claw on the tabletop. He missed the days when he and Biomon could terrorize downtown Tokyo. Ever since they had returned from the digiworld for the second time she had other things to do. He heard another tapping noise coming from down the hall. He stopped his own hand and glanced over. "It's just Meko" he sighed as the cat rounded the corner. "What was it Kari told me about that cat anyway? I keep forgetting." Agumon thought out loud "Oh well, maybe it'll help pass the time. Come here pussycat." The Digimon said extending his hand in a friendly way. The normally docile cat leapt forward and Agumon drew back his hand in shock and pain. He glanced at his bleeding hand and the now hissing, growling and rather not nice looking cat. Just then he remembered a vital piece of information.

"She really hates being called 'pussycat' " Kari's voice echoed in the Digimon's head as the house cat leapt forward in a primal rage.

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Tentomon was once again baby-sitting for one of his friends. He didn't have much else to do these days. This time it was Jatomon. "What's that?" The curious little digimon said.

"That's Izzy's laptop." Tentomon explained with his seemingly bottomless patience.

"Oh yea, one of those computer things, eh?" She said examining it closely. "There's one of these at TK's house. Can it do anything neat?" She said as she opened it and turned it on.

"I'm afraid not." Tentomon sighed "Ever since Izzy got a virus from *ahem* somewhere or other, he put a password protection on it. He supposedly also put a whole lot of other special programs on it to prevent-"

"I'm in." Jatomon purred contentedly.

"Well I'll be....."

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"Well it's not what we usually eat, but it'll do." Gatomon said humorously.

Patomon smiled and took another bite of the take out Japanese food they had ordered. "It tastes nice. What do you think these are for?" He said holding up the chopsticks that had come with the meal.

"I really don't know." Gatomon responded "I was thinking of that myself." she said as she expertly picked up a piece of sausage with her claws. She chuckled lightly as she watched her husband make several attempts to wield the chopsticks correctly with his three fingered hands. She ran her tail through her paw and felt the familiar engagement ring he had given her so long ago and she smiled.

They finished their meal while talking about what they could do now that they were back in the real world. "Maybe we can go to one of those movie things." Patomon suggested.

"We didn't even get to do that last time we were here did we?" Gatomon said in agreement. "I wonder if that Star Wars thing is still out."

Patomon flipped through the newspaper until he found the movie listings. "They're still playing it at one theater. Its one of those ones that plays popular movies after the others stop carrying them, but how will we get in?"

"That shouldn't be a problem." Gatomon said thinking of a plan almost immediately. "Do you know if they have any brown coats here?"

The booth attendant looked up as he saw a figure approaching. He saw the familiar floppy ears and the unsteady, jerking gait, both of which he had long since grown tired of. He immediately knew what he was going to be asked and he began to print out the ticket.

The figure stepped up to the booth and began to speak in the accent the attendant was all too familiar with over the past couple of months. "Hiya! Mesa Jar-Jar Binks!" it said in a well done imitation. "Mesa wants a ticket to see 'Star Wars'!" It finished.

The attendant sighed and handed the ticket over in exchange for the costumed figure's money. "I thought these people had finally stopped." He thought to himself. "Guess I was wrong" he mentally sighed.

The figure walked with the familiar lumbering movement to the door. It stepped inside and relaxed. "I can't believe that actually worked!" Patomon said from Gatomon's shoulders.

"Told ya." She smiled as she began moving them toward the correct theater.

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Gabumon plodded slowly along the bike path. He was doing a good job of keeping up his "dog" disguise so far. He figured that as long as nobody tried to pet him or pay too much attention to him they wouldn't notice any of his strange characteristics. He was on his way to Mimi's house to see Palmon, it was their anniversary again. He didn't want her to think he forgot again, she had gotten really mad at him when he did that. He was wearing the fur coat she had knitted for him on their last anniversary for the occasion. Besides, it was a lot less conspicuous in the real world than his regular blue and white one. He trotted on resisting the urge to bark at some nearby ducks. He arrived at the apartment complex where Mimi's house was. "Now how do I get in?" He mumbled to himself as he approached the entrance. He reached forward and pressed the only call button he could reach. "Hello, can I come in please?" he politely asked.

"Who is this?" The voice asked over the intercom. "I'm not expecting anyone! Go away!"

Gabumon frowned at the curtness of the person at the end of the line. Then after thinking for several seconds he responded. He talked slowly and exaggerated his breathing "We have a few things we need to discuss, you and I."

"How did you find me?!" The voice asked startled.

"You cannot hide from your past my friend, and now it is time for you to face the music." Gabumon continued in his exaggerated voice "Now be a good person and open the door. Bad things happen to friends of people who aren't polite. I would hate to see such things happen to those you know."

A buzzer went off and the door opened. Gabumon entered "What are the

odds?" He thought as he shrugged and stepped into the elevator.

(For those of you who don't understand what just happened (probably all of you) I will try to explain. I don't know if anyone else thinks this, but I think that with a little work Gabumon's voice could sound very Italian mafia-ish. With the breathy sounding and the gruffness. If you don't think so that's ok. On with the story.)

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Palmon sat around the house wondering what she could do this weekend. "What do regular plants do to have fun here anyway?" she said to herself. She wandered about until she found herself in Mimi's room. She began to look around. She sat herself in front of the mirror and began to look through Mimi's various make-up products. "Mimi spends a long time each morning putting this stuff on her face. I wonder why?" The plant Digimon picked up a tube of lipstick and began to smear it on her face. "I just don't see what the point is." Then Palmon picked up a bottle of nail polish remover, opened it and inhaled deeply to smell its contents. The next thing Palmon knew was that the world was spinning around her and she felt herself fall out of the chair. She clumsily screwed the cap back on the bottle and dropped it. She stumbled several steps before she fainted because of the fumes from the puddle of nail polish remover she had spilled.

Minuets later there was a knock on the door.

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Gomamon crawled silently through the ventilation shaft. It had been a while since he had done one of these jobs. In fact to him it had been years, but to his customers he was only gone a day. He stopped in an area that he knew was not monitored by security and pulled out his mission profile sheet to review again. His mission was to enter the facility and obtain the prototype software without being discovered. He removed his backpack and rechecked his inventory. He may need to retrieve any of the items at a moments notice. Gomamon then shouldered the backpack and moved forward. He opened the vent in front of him. He stuck his head through the hole and glanced around. He saw the room he was looking for. He retrieved his binoculars and examined the area, it appeared that the door would require a card to open.

He sat and waited. When a worker at the correct security clearance passed within his view there was only the sound of a slight air disturbance as the feathered needle left Gomamon's dart gun and embedded itself in the mans neck. "Good old Hufsuku juice." He muttered as he dropped down and dragged the man into a side room. He then retrieved the unconscious figures card and crept along the hall back to the door. He quietly pressed the card into the slot, several tense seconds crept by as it authenticated. When the light finally turned green Gomamon heaved as sigh of relief and opened the door. Once inside he saw his target, a single computer that was hooked up by a network to almost every system in the company. He scampered over and turned it on.

Ever since the start of the mission Gomamon had a strange feeling. He didn't doubt his ability to finish the mission but something nagged at him. He looked at the booting screen and wondered for the fifth time since the whole thing began "Where have I heard that name before?" The screen read.....

Izumi Corp. Systems Please wait while the computer boots up

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Biomon and Goyomon sat around at Sora's house watching TV. "So where'd dad go anyway?" Goyomon said as he idly changed channels.

"He went to work," Biomon said.

"Why?" Goyomon asked "It's not like we ever spend any money."

"Its more of a hobby really." She shrugged.

Goyomon flipped channels for several more seconds. "What does he do anyway."

"Something called espionage," Biomon shrugged "What do you want to eat?"

Goyomon shrugs and turns the TV off. "Why don't we make something."

They both walk into the kitchen and look at the various cooking implements. Goyomon hops up and grabs a cookbook and Biomon sets up the stove to preheat. After they debate for a couple of minuets as to what they should make they decided on pancakes.

"Whew," Goyomon says as sweat slides off his feathery fur (he's waterproof) "Its getting too warm in here. I'm going to turn on a fan."

He gets a fan from Sora's room and puts it on the counter. The fan slowly turns from side to side blowing cool air through the room. "Okay, I'm ready, start reading the instructions.?" Biomon asked as she began opening cabinets.

"sure," He replies "First we need two scoops of baking mix."

"Oof, This is heavy" Biomon said as she attempted to take the economy sized bag of baking mix from the cupboard. "Could you help me?"

As they both slowly carry the mix to the counter the fan turns and its wind causes the pages in the cookbook to flip. Goyomon then returns to look at it. "Okay, now we need three tablespoons of vinegar."

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Golamon sat around in the mall. She wondered what it was that Mimi found so appealing about this place. Many people walked right by her. This was because she had borrowed one of Matt's jackets. As she walked by a electronics store A beeping sound went off and a clerk began yelling "STOP THIEF!"

Without really thinking Golamon gave chase. Being much more athletic than her father she managed to catch up to the person.

The thief went down as a strange creature clamped onto his legs. He fell on his face and the stranger that tackled him. He easily kicked off the smallish creature and began to stand up again. He fell again as he felt powerful vines wrap themselves around his legs. Suddenly he began to feel very cold. The vines withdrew and his attacker ran off, he tried to once again stand up but couldn't because his legs were still bound by sap, frozen solid. The security guards finally caught up to him and arrested him.

"That was fun." Golamon thought to herself as she ran from the scene. "Might be a fun hobby to peruse."

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Well that's about it for this part. I'm going to realize it in sections so it can come out faster. Also I'm having trouble thinking of the second half of some of them. Please review. My stories have gotten like no reviews lately. If you liked this one please go and review some of my others!

End
file.